

in this August issue... THE A & P MAGAZINE 7 cents

card games
riddles and jokes
recipes
songs to sing
magic tricks
paper - doll cutouts



OFFICE SUPPLY YOUTH 5

Jasmine's Little Sister



The
rest
of
the
day
I
practiced
moving
on
the skateboard.

number nine

Oh yeah! I also wanna thank...Emily! Elke! The Beck Bey (be still my heart!) Joanne! yay.

ONE

IRA M BLING

IS LIKE A SISTER TOME....

"It's Friday night, it's Saturday night, every night & i'm in my room, behind closed doors, writing. -someone in Good Faerie 12 1/2"


Hi everyone, i'm so glad you could come! A lot has been going down in these past few months....and hohamn I just forgot that grrreat intro I was writing in my head last night.: (shitshtshit....i had SUCH A GOOD ONE too! Humpf. Oh well. So as of late, i've been in a weird hyper/sad mode. I think that cereal w/soy milk has got to be some sort of a drug....I've been having no friends. I've been having odd dreams. Not to mention writer's block. In case yr just, like, really unobservant, this is melded to my friend Kim's zine. As far as I know on today's date (September 21, 1997....do you remember what you were doing today?) it's gonna be called Office Supply Youth but, I guess you'll be able to tell if that changed by merely flipping this over. But I digress. Oh goddess, wouldn't you just want to kick my ass or something if I said something cheesy like, "This is my photocopied heart"? Hmm...i think I just realized that I read that somewhere & i'm prolly offending someone, but for some reason I just don't like it when people write stuff like that. Or "this is about...." hmm, I guess if I was going to write one of those intro letters i'd be like, *this is about change this is about sleeping all the time and this is about about*... see, it's kinda tough to do that cuz my zine isn't really ABOUT anything, it's just my life. It's just whatever I feel like writing @ the moment. One thing that I find really odd is when people write me back saying, "Oh my gawsh, yr zine was hilarious!" [not that i'm COMPLAINING, cuz i'm not. I think it's rad being able to make people laugh.] it's just that I totally don't mean to make this funny. This is just how I am. I guess i'm funny. I was looking thru some old pictures w/ my siblings, and the pictures of me made them shriek w/ laughter, while everything else only warranted a snort or giggle. It's sort of odd, though. So....about 1/2 of the people reading this prolly don't know me....so i'll describe myself, cuz that's what I like doing. A little known fact about me is that my eyes are the exact same color as kurt cobain's. Teehee. I was once an audience member of the kids' show *Where in the World is Carmen Sandiego?* While dancing around @ the end of the show, I accidentally TOUCHED a member of that band, Rockapella! My bro had their tape that we listened to all the time, so of course it was quite the thrill. My parents think I want to be the una-bomber. And....what's that I smell? Could it be....a thank you list?

Thanks a bezzillion! :) to: Kim (for duh, sharing a zine w/ me and agreeing to copy the whole mess & yr absolute devotion in writing me :) and kool phone calls....), Shari (for poetic e-mails, doing a rad zine & being soo quotable), Theresa (for the fun in cornwall bridge, watermelon lipplos, and inviting me to yr prom!), Kimira (for restoring my faith in zining one dark August night), Ceci, both the Ciarras, both the Nicoles, Kristy, Kirsty, Tessa, Tarata, Molly, Val, Meg & Laura, especially ms. Jen (I miss you!) all the people that will invariably do something worthy of thanking between the time I write this & the time it goes to print, and oh yeah, this issue is dedicated to homies everywhere becuuz jas i realized as i was typing an email to sarah sleepspan garbage i JUST CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT HO MIES!!!! I really can't. I mean...what would i do if there weren't millions of happy, jeaned kids & my skout to say "WORD!" and

"mianie pearl, mianie pearl, mianie pearl you are the queen of my world, i want to take you home and try on yr hats."-bikini kill rebel girl revised unreleased max image version.

hi, i'm kim and you're you, so welcome to my zine! the past few months have been hectic, due to my gaining at least a half-assed social life. i also finally dropped out of school yay! once again, yay! i don't think i needed to explain why i hated it so much... the very last time i got called a freak was because i had a zine with a picture of simon rex in it from when he was a gay porno star. hal), i'm a DJ at Free Radio Memphis, Riot Grrrl Memphis has started up, etc.... i've been going to Women's Action Coalition meetings and we do this thing called the coffin action, where we have this big coffin and we mourn for the lives lost to domestic violence. i don't think i'll ever forget the guy i saw drive by with a sticker on his car that was just a girl bent over holding her ankles, or all the assholes who pretended to slap their wives, or the guy who lunged at one of the girls and pretended to punch her.... > sigh> ok, concerning what i wrote in the zine: i'm not pro- or anti- queer marriage. i just think aspirations to have a white bread family are stupid and yeah, i used to do drugs, but i think i'm straightedge and in denial about it. there are just too many lame straightedgers. but i was at the dentist getting fillings, and alot of people my age would be happy that they were getting nitrous, but i was pissed off that all these foreign metals and substances were going into my body. maybe by the next issue i'll be listening to earth crisis and snapcase and flailing my x-covered fist in the air. no, don't count on it. okay, remember, if you think my zine is the biggest waste of paper ever, TELL ME! constructive criticism is way better than ignoring me. oh yeah, thanks Ocean, for sharing a zine with me. being your friend makes me want to dance around in my room wearing nothing but leg warmers and my star wars underwear, whilst listening to olivia newton-john. your over use of the @ sign is so hilarious! you rule! :) during the making of this issue, i was provided musical sustenance by the following: the buzzcocks!!!! the sta-prest "let's be friendly with our friends" 7", robyn hitchcock (especially mossy liquor + element of light), team dresch, helen love formula one racing girls" 7", etc.... uh, gee i have dorky music taste. the end. love, kim.

p.s.-send me squid-related paraphernalia and i will love you forever.



kim 455 Key Rd.
Collierville, TN
455-4-71083
@35HX7
prodigy.com
455-4-558(106)

have that. any relationship I would have would mean more to me than that. I do not oppose the idea of same sex marriage because I think that queers are inferior to hets, but because I think that marriage is a harmful institution, for everyone, not only queers. if it ever is legalized, and you want to get married, do so. hell, I'll even come to it, if I'm invited. but don't think for a second that queer marriage will change the minds and hearts of the pat robertson/phillips schlaflly ilk. it will only make them violent towards other queers. the only thing you can do is be open about yourself and show people that queers are not freaks. only that will change their minds and hearts. one thing I'd like to note-when I say queer relationships break up quickly, I realize I'm generalizing a whole bunch. sorry. also, keep in mind that when I say that, I'm not implying that straight relationships are better in any way. they break up quickly as well. (shit. generalizing again.)

okay, that was written by Brock In Cadence. his zine costs \$1+2 stamps or a trade. his address is: PO box 11/hayti, sd/57241. it rules; it has mail interviews with Alvin Ugly Boy (yay!!!!!!), the Ghosty Grams, and stuff about his schooling, the bad relationship with his father (or should I say his father's bad relationship with Brock? it's so sad when a parent won't accept their queer kid.), a brilliant piece about what anarchism *really* is, and what I just reprinted. this piece about not supporting queer marriage opened my eyes SO much. of course, if queer marriage is legalized, I'll be happy because alot of people want to get married, but I just can't understand *why* anyone would want to do this. marriage was made for *straight* people, for a *straight* society, so religious people would be confident that people were monogamous and faithful to their partners (the whole idea of monogamy was created so people could tell who the fathers of babies were and nothing else. also, sex before marriage is no big deal anymore, and adultery is so widespread that it seems that people who get married don't take it too seriously.). but if people are monogamous and faithful to their partners, why even bother to get married? I guess no matter what, there will always be queers that will always want a picket fence suburban lifestyle (heteroqueers, as I call them.). I think that straight people that want that kind of lifestyle are fucked up. so of course I'm going to think that about queers too. people are going to do what they want though, so if queers want to marry I say fight for it. (when I was alot younger and the whole "gays in the military" thing was a big debate, I was ALL for it. why should they be discriminated against? but then the more I thought about it, the more I was against it. why would any self-respecting queer be into the whole military system anyway? why would they fight for a country that does not give a shit about them? why wouldn't they fight for equality and human rights instead of wanting to kill for this country?)...

any


starting:   
alternate title: bad! in a peep!

ocean
dusky
zine
sides
tom
ocean's bro
sides

unsuspecting
111 315

1. read about microwaving peeps in the zine
Diorama we had some last april, so i told my
siblings. we tried it. call 3 of us

2. it looked like a normal peep when we
started @ @

3. 1/2 way thru the microwave, it looked like
this:  the head was normal size, but the
body expanded 3x.

4. when we opened the door, it went

FFFFFFFFFF and flattened

5. we made it eat it. she said it
was good.

6. try it yourself! hint: try not to feel
bad for the long-suffering
peep!

I hope you can read my

handwriting. 

THREE

Yeah.

just

what

yr

all waiting

for...

90210 Quotes from the internet!!

"Yr mom makes coffee nervous." -Kelly

"I'm not a hooker. Even if I was, you couldn't afford me." -Valerie

"Have you been exercising in a freshly painted room?" -Brandon, to Steve when he was shooting the porno movie @ their house

"You always bring out the Boy Scout in me." -Steve (to Brandon)

"I have an English test tomorrow, and I still don't know who killed the damn mockingbird!" -Donna

"My name's Ray Pruitt. One T. That's all my mama could afford." -Ray

Brenda: How was Mexico?
Dylan: Mexican. (my bro's reaction: "No, I thought it would be English.")

"Uh, plaid is not funny." -Donna

Note: Due to working as a library slave, I haven't been home to watch the infamous Ninety-Two Ten. Therefore, I stole these off a weirdly obsessive website. If you wanna see for yrself, here's the address:
<http://members.aol.com/all90210/90210.htm> okay? Get to it!

FOUR

this is a quote from ocean. i just had to put it in here. it's SO funny. "i was 12, newly vegetarian. i was telling the class that, & the teacher was saying all this shit like, 'animals were put here for man to eat,' and she was saying that god said that man was the 'most exalted being' or some shit, and then (in descending order) mammals, birds, fishes, insects, plants, minerals. i'd certainly rather have a spider plant or a rock teaching the class than her." :)

okay, so i have Prodigy and all, and every now and then i venture into the punk chat room. i always feel too donky to be on there; i guess it's because i don't get on there and say "i like Bad Religion and Gas Huffer. anybody want to IM?" grrr... so now i present you with: Adventures in a Chat Room

*-once, a person came in there with the name "Fat Kook 10". he stayed for maybe 2 minutes tops, didn't say a thing, then left. after he was gone, i said "let me guess: he's a GG Alln and/or Mentors fan." then someone said "this is the obscure punk reference chat room." hee hee.

*-one time this asshole IMed me and typed "cheese" continually so i couldn't leave. while this was happening, someone had asked me a question and was saying "answer me bitch" repeatedly.

*-this guy named "Demonboy 99" (yuck) kept saying we have to "hook up" because he lives like an hour and a half away. scary...

*-some guy said "you need a big dick up your queer ass" while someone else kept saying "kill fags" over + over. why are these morons in the punk chat room?!

*-this girl was in the chat room with the name "Notgirl69", so i asked her if she was into not grrrl, and she said no, because her brother had told her that all not grrrls were feminazis. how enlightened...

*-last but certainly not least, there is someone in there named "berserker" who seems to have more intelligence than all the rest of them put together. someone was bothering me and berserker IMed me and told me just to say something, and s/he would make them leave. awww... :)

Ocean's Childhood Friends....

where art they now?

Tim Speece was really funny, and probably is still. I don't remember how we met, but I know it was in kindergarten cuz he was in my class. Everyone always made such a big deal of him cos he was a really good artist. The stupid art teacher, Mrs. Bott (known to me & my bro as Mrs. Butt, I hated her! She gave me crappy grades cos i ignored the directions & did my own thing, up, that couldn't be creativity or anything, anyhoo...) always made special displays of his pictures. Me & Tim would walk around for hours, discussing weird things.... i don't remember what. In first grade, we had a club called The Converse Club, and in 3rd grade, our classroom was infested w/flies and we named them. He taught me how to draw bubble gum bubbles so they look real. I still draw them like that. You could always tell which pictures were his, cos the people had bubble gum coming out of their mouth, drawn just so. I made him name one of his characters Quentin, a name he still uses. In 6th grade we stopped talking forever, due to something dumb i did.

where is Tim now? Well, he's still at my high skkkool. Secret sources (lamey) revealed that he got like, a 4/9 as his final grade in English. I think he's failing everything, and has pretty much no friends. That's too bad. In elementary skkkool, he fit my definition then of perfect. I miss him.

Nikki Alves her last name was pronounced 'Elvis'. Her parents were suburban hippies, and I remember once she said that when her stomach hurt, her mom gave her a magic healing crystal to put on it and it felt better. I loved hanging out at her house cos there was all this forest behind her house, and sometimes her mom would serve this DELICIOUS spaghetti, it was so so so good, i can't describe it. Also, Mrs. Alves was a painter, and would paint these weird things in a very New Age way. I'd walk into her bathroom and be faced w/ the nude torso of a mannequin set in an odd, artsy background. They had 5 cats. where is Nikki Now? She left when I was in 5th grade and moved back while in 8th. She instantly made friends w/ everyone in our skkkool, and talked constantly in this annoying baby voice. She cut herself and was generally a

FIVE

I KILL DELIAS CATALOGS

****alissa****
490 s. kimber
waverly, il 62692

geek the girl

\$1+ stamps/ trade

to us, this is my mini zine about racism and what it means

issue #1 - Why being nonracist isn't enuff
issue #2 - white is white is white.
issue #2.5 - response and explanation of #1 & #2

cost is 1 stamp per issue or all 3 for 2 stamps. you can't beat that with a big wooden stick!!!

c/o robin, 2467 red banks rd. byhalia ms 38611

Place Yr Bet On Our Sound
60 minutes of the finest in
DIY music and spoken word.
Out now on Pass The Buck.
\$5 ppd. Send a stamp for a
full catalog of all our tapes.
PTB, PO Box 3983, Ithaca, NY
14852

is not your friend.

blank space

LE JUS D'ORANGE
AUDIO ZINE #1
New Music By:
God is My Co-Pilot
No. 12 Looks Just Like You
F.80

**Spoken Word By:
Jamie of Pink Rocket**

**Interviews With:
Matt from Mocket
Roddy from Imperial Teen
Mark Robinson from Teen Beat**

**Live Music From:
Dirt Bike Gang
The Vegas Beat
Behold the Prophet No Lord Shall Live
Tribe 8
\$3 (cash, check, or m.o.)
Courtney Bennett
Glitter Doll Noise
120 State Ave. NE #1206
Olympia WA 98501**

GIRL POWER GIRL POWER GIRL POWER

Life is serious, but art is fun
---the king of Mice

Passing the Open Windows
a zine Ave Se
126 Browning Ave Se
Salem, OR 97302

2 stamps or trades!

Sticker Sisters brings you...

a brand new shoe lace to
spice up your favorite
sneakers and give them
a little kick!
for a pair of these 45", purple
and white beauties send \$3
plus 55 cents postage to:
Sticker Sisters, po box 11480
takoma park md, 20913

GIRL POWER

www.stickersisters.com

i have this fantasy of going out in public,
somewhere extremely crowded, like a fair or something,
completely naked except for shoes, covered from
head to toe in postage stamps.

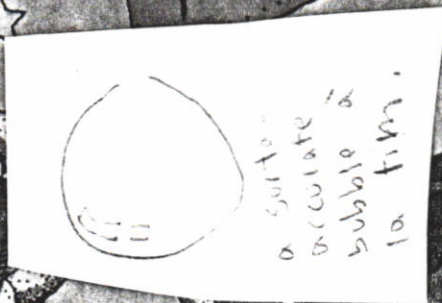
this is my drug story.

i know alot of people will probably think i'm an idiot for the things i'm going to say, but i don't care; this is part of me and i'm not ashamed. here goes: i grew up in the 80's; when drugs were *bad*, when Reagan was president, when D.A.R.E. was huge, when the slogan "just say no" was on everything from cars to shoelaces. i saw all the partnership for a drug free america commercials, all the after-school specials, the whole nine yards. i remember always being anti-drug growing up. i had older friends who did them, and i always got mad at them for doing them. at the age of 12, that all stopped. my brother was a big (pseudo)hippie, and him and his girlfriend at the time went out to a cowfield and picked mushrooms. i was really angry at them for doing this, and while they were brewing them, i sat and sulked at the kitchen table. he asked my friend and i if we wanted one, holding up the biggest mushroom he had. i know he did it just to make me mad, but, to everyone else's surprise, i grabbed it and ate it. i had never pondered it before that; i always assumed and swore that i would never do any drugs at all, but i guess i was wrong. it wasn't peer pressure or anything like that, i just wanted to see what it was like. oh my, i had never done anything at all, so that was quite an experience. as cheesy as it sounds, it was like looking at everything for the first time, or at least in a different way. i wouldn't call it a positive or negative experience, it was just quite an experience. i didn't do a thing for a



wreck...her parents, being rich suburban hippies, shipped her off to some awful prep skkkool cos she got bad grades & smoked a lot of crap. I saw her at the mall recently. She was with her friend who had on a dog collar & a leash & a korn shirt & kept on yelling up at me, "Yr too fucking tall!" I feel pretty bad for her too.

Megan Moore Was my kindergarden best friend. She lived in the "bad" section of oyster bay, but hanging out w/ her was so so fun, i have pleasant memories of that section of town to this day. I feel safe there, even tho there's gangs drugs etc. I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHERE THE FUCK MEGAN IS NOW. I WANT TO KNOW!!!!!!!!!!!! IF ANY OF YOU KNOW OF A KID NAMED MEGAN MOORE WHO'S 13-14-15 YEARS OLD, PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE ASK IF SHE KNOWS ME!!!!!!!!!!!! actually, when we were friends my name was Lauren Capewell, so she wouldn't know an Ocean. THIS IS SO IMPORTANT



SIX

Peace on

This was supposed to be in the tro, but i liked room.

So that's it. Send all correspondence to Ocean *134 Radcliff Drive* East Norwich, NY 11732. E-mail is: blender47@hotmail.com and even if you got this from a stinkin' distro, I WANT TO HEAR FROM you! alright? Have a swell time reading! Toast and bricklayers, Ocean

very long time, but i was supposed to hang out with my friend one day, and i was picked up by her older sister. i was 13, and she was 20. slowly i had grown weary of the anti-drug hysteria. i grew up in a suburb where all the teens did drugs, or at least all the ones i was around (AKA my brother's friends). i didn't particularly like them, but i was starting to form my opinions about animal rights.

environmentalism, politics, etc.... and i saw the people on TV who were so anti-drug didn't seem to know enough (or knew too much) about the substances they were condemning. i was still suspicious of drugs, but i knew my friend's sister smoked pot, and i was very curious, so i asked her something about it, i don't remember what, but she asked if i wanted to smoke pot, and i sheepishly said i never had before, but i said yes. i was with her all day, and we went over to her friend's apartment. it was definitely a twentysomething house, complete with a tie-dyed tapestry, the doors box set, and 2 bongos. we were watching some kitschy channel playing 70's cartoons, and i smoked pot for the first time. it was no big deal; i didn't get high. i didn't go onto

someone's room proclaiming i could fly. i didn't have an allergic reaction and die and come back to life or anything. all i did was eat a whole box of oreos. i starting smoking pot regularly with my friends. it was wonderful. i always felt really good, and i would eat alot and sleep alot and have bizarre dreams and wake up feeling really good. because it had this effect, i of course started doing it alot. my grades didn't suffer one bit. i smoked pot everyday and was still a straight-A student (so that stereotype isn't true). everything was fine until i starting forgetting things- obvious things that you don't forget: what show i had watched 30 seconds before, or i couldn't remember where i put something, and it got annoying, so i stopped. i didn't smoke pot for 7 months, and then i did once, and haven't for 3 months. (i've done other stuff, but it was one time things and it was no big deal...) i have never been pressured

into doing anything, ever. why did i share this? i never see zinekids talk about this. i have seen people say it's bad when they haven't done anything. this was just something i did when i was way younger.

overall, it was a positive experience for me. i won't condone drug use because alot of people have addictive personalities. but if someone wants to experiment, i say go for it. i did and i'm still here, and i don't do any drugs whatsoever. anyone who gets into it will eventually see how lame it is. i had a wonderful conversation about this with a girl that i want to share. girl-"i got into that, and you just have to realize that they smoke pot-" me-"and talk about the grateful dead (yuck)." girl-"no, they sit around and talk about smoking pot." :)

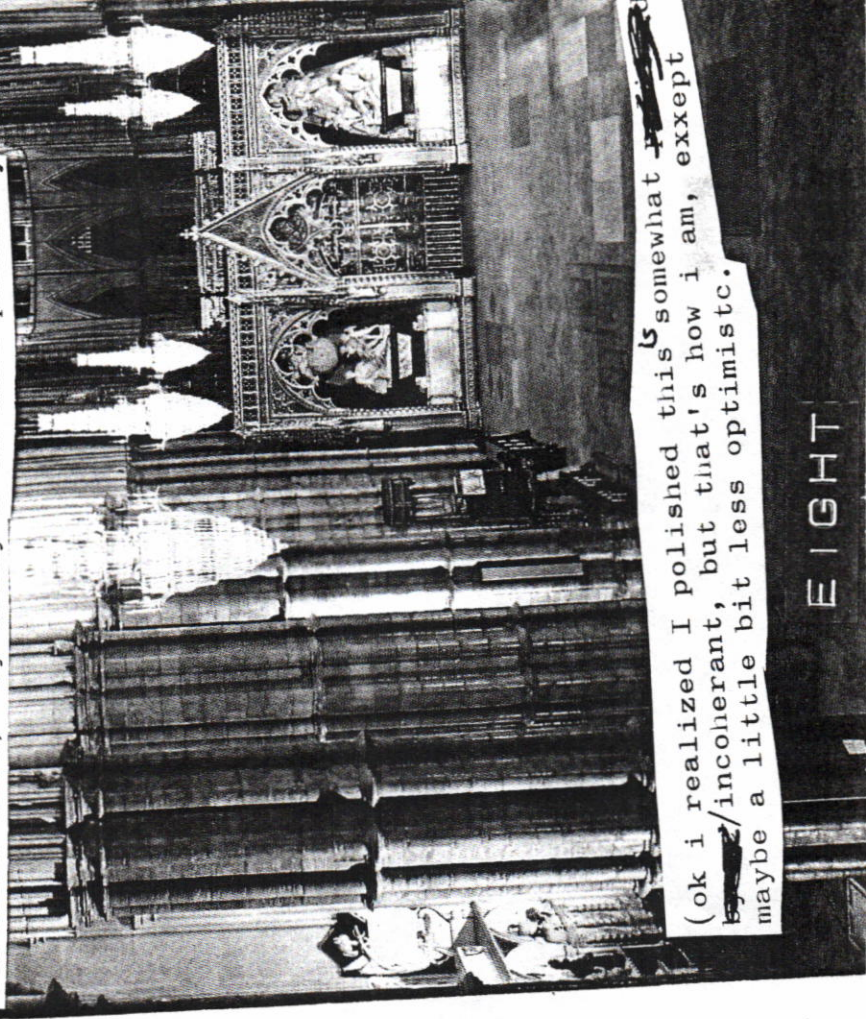


this is a random journal writing. i think it gives a fairly good insight on me & my life, which is good since about 1/2 the people reading this have probably not heard of me/don't know me.....

June 21

i'm sitting alone @ a McDonalds, 2 buisness looking men are discussing dead cock-workers & failed romances. One looks much older, almost like a dog. this place is so generic. The marigolds growing next to my left elbow live their whole life in potting soil. The only temperatures they know are belonging to the airconditioner. It seems so sucky..Burger King is worse tho, with all the sad-eyed disney characters painted on the outside. looking outside, the wind doesn't seem realX but more like it's from a wind machine. about those 2 men talking--when i'm an adult, will sitting & bitching be my idea of fun? Will dead coworkers, dead people, merit no more than a regretful mention over a cheeseburger? Will i remember myself now--orange haired bike-riding, granola crunching zine kid & laugh? Will it be an office talk--"What were you when you were 15? I was a punk and had a mohawk, haha." "Oh yeah, well i was a zinekid and i stayed in my room & wrote letters all day and wanted to do that forever & never grow up," and we'd all have a good laugh & then go back to drinking our coffee. (shit--i wish i could find solamente & reprint that poem about being 46: "i'll turn on Lite FM and hum along to the songs of my youth but forgetting what the words mean/and late at night/when the FEAR hits me/i'll think about my wife & kids and pretended that i love them. i'll tell my kids not to smoke pot, but really i would too if i still

(ok i realized I polished this somewhat ~~but~~ except by/incoherent, but that's how i am, except maybe a little bit less optimistic.



he says. Fuck--i don't want to be like the people! (the mother only stops yelling when she talks to the business guy.) I don't want my life to be like this. I want to ride my bike down hills & not trade it in for a new, shiny, unsqueaky car. I don't want to end up w/ 2 kids i growl at and have my only joy be talking to a business suit guy who is actually the McDonald's manager. (now the little girl is proclaiming to mr. business suit, "my mommy's on diet pills!")

knew where to get it." (sorry, taht was pretty inaccurate). i think it would be rad if the teen revolution hit mcdonalds--why, we could have a hostage situation in about 6 minutes!!newsflash: the young businessy guy is talking to this young mom & her 2 kids. Business guy obviously likes the mom; he tells all 3 of them he lives in an apaartment above McDonalds. He's talking to the womyn like he knows her, asking ixf she has a headache. "I'm going out on my boat tomorrow," he

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

IT HAS BECOME FASHIONABLE IN CERTAIN CIRCLES TO CRITICIZE FILMMAKER MICHAEL MOORE FOR HIS SUCCESS.

HE CLAIMS TO SPEAK FOR THE POOR--



...YET HE HIMSELF IS NO LONGER POOR!

AND WHILE IT SEEMS TO US THAT SOCIETY WOULD BE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE IF THIS ARGUMENT WERE CARRIED TO ITS LOGICAL CONCLUSION--

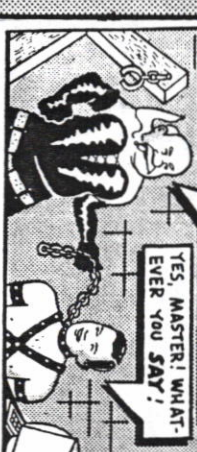
WHAT'S UP WITH THESE CHILDREN, ANYWAY? THEY'RE THREE FEET TALL AND SPEND HALF THEIR TIME PLAYING WITH IMAGINARY FRIENDS!



THEY'RE LIKE INSANE DWARVES! I CAN'T RELATE TO THAT!

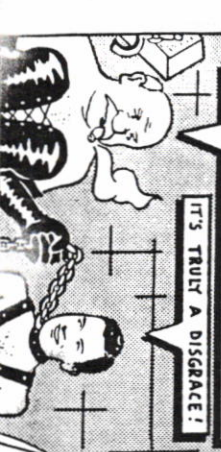
SOMETIMES, WORKERS SEEM TO PUT CORPORATE AMERICA'S INTERESTS AHEAD OF THEIR OWN... IT'S REALLY SORT OF--WELL--PERVE

GIVING YOU A RAISE COULD LEAD TO INFLATION! YOU'LL TAKE STAGNANT WAGES AND LIKE THEM, DOG!



YES, MASTER! WHAT-EVER YOU SAY!

AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY WHINING ABOUT WELFARE CUTS, EITHER! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BIG GOVERNMENT HANDOUTS TO SNIVELING, UNEMPLOYED LOSERS LIKE YOU!



IT'S TRULY A DISGRACE!

IN OTHER WORDS, EMPATHY FOR ANYONE LESS WELL OFF THAN YOURSELF IS BEING DEFINED BY OUR CONSERVATIVE-LEANING FRIENDS AS AN ACT OF HYPOCRISY.



WHAT THE HELL DO I CARE ABOUT ALL THESE DAMN SICK PEOPLE? I'M HEALTHY AS A HORSE!

..WE DO HAVE TO ADMIT THAT SOME EXPRESSIONS OF EMPATHY STRIKE US AS INAPPROPRIATE AT BEST...



I'M SORRY, BUFF--I JUST CAN'T RELATE TO YOU.



YOU SEE, I'M A PENGUIN--

IN FACT, I MIGHT EVEN HAVE TO DOWN-SIZE YOU--JUST TO ENSURE THAT MY STOCK OPTIONS REMAIN VALUABLE! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT, YOU MISERABLE WORM?



I'LL GLADLY SUBMIT TO YOUR WILL, SIR!

THEN AGAIN...PERHAPS I'LL ALLOW YOU TO KEEP WORKING FOR NOW--BUT I COMMAND YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM THOSE UNION TYPES!



THEY WON'T TAKE CARE OF YOU THE WAY I DO!

I'LL NEVER LET THEM COME BETWEEN US, MASTER--I PROMISE!

OH WELL! WHO ARE WE TO JUDGE WHAT GOES ON BETWEEN CONFIDENT ADULTS?

(yipes. what can i even say? stolen from the absolute
wonderful book The Lone Ranger & Tonto Fistfight in
Heaven by sherman alexie. i love it i love it.)

the television was always too loud, too loud, until
every conversation was distorted, fragmented.

'Dinner' sounded like 'leave me alone.'

'I love you' sounded like 'inXertia'.

'Please' sounded like 'sacrifice'.

Believe me, the television was always too loud. At
3 in the morning I woke from ordinary nightmares to
hear the television pounding the ceiling above my
bed. Sometimes it was just white noise, the end of
another broadcasting day. Other times it was a bad
movie made worse by the late hour & interrupted sleep.
"Drop your weapons and come out with yr hands above yr
head" sounded too much like "Trust me, the world is
yours."

"The aliens are coming! The aliens are coming!"
sounded too much like "Just one more beer, sweetheart,
and then we'll go home."

"Junior, I lost the money" sounded too much like
"you'll never have a dream come true."

NET

my "set list" (if you

chore-uncomfortable pause *free kitten-oh bondage up yrs* *laura sister nobody
crosses the street* *number 12 looks just like you-how to eat humans 101*
cindy lou who-candy girl *maresa-my castle* *joshua plague-nowhere near novel
and...i touched him and he jumped *destination moon-jamboree* *jane hohenberger
-bullet* *anne elliot-daily observations* *the fakes-little mommy and held and
burnt girl *mrs. garrett-i hate boys* *costes-oh fortuna* *the ce be barnes band
-she's a winner and consuming you* *radar*adar-boring kid* *sta-prest-let's
be friendly with our friends* *penny arcade-a cunt is a useful thing* *skinned
teen-straight girl* *the shimmy beckers-let's go on a date* *spitboy-the threat
and sexism impressed* *the buzzcocks-promises* *the scaries-the old lady
patted me on the forehead and glide* *tentatively, a convenience-drying
CLOTHES MADE ENTIRELY FROM ZIPPERS* *the disgruntled postal workers-mouse*
aren't regal-shrink *jarbaby-pedestrians* *daniel johnston-walking the cow*

wanna call it that)

[illegible]

(I wrote this for creative writing, too, and my teacher is sending it to Ann. But in case it looks like I'm looking for friends doesn't make it in there, I felt like reprinting this, too....)

Cute & looking for terms offensive article. It was in Ann Landers....

Ten Rules Kids Will Learn In School

Dark, straight hair is now fair. Get used to it. The average teenager uses the phrase "It's not fair!" 86 times a non-smiling day.

2. The reel world won't care as much about yr self-esteem as yr school does. This may come as a shock.

3. Sorry, you won't make \$40,000 a year right out of high school. And you won't be a vice president or have a car phone, either. You may even have to wear a uniform w/out a designer label.

5. Flipping burgers is not beneath yr dignity. Yr grandparents had a different word for burger flipping. They called it opportunity.

Co. It's not yr parents fault if you mess up. You're responsible. This is the flip side of "It's my life and "yr not my boss."

7. Before you were born, yr parents weren't boring. They got this way from paying bills & listening to you.

8. Life is not divided into semesters. And you don't get summers off. Not even spring break. You are expected to show up every day for 8 hours, and you don't get a new life every 10 weeks.

you look like to anyone over 20. Watch an 11 year old w/ a butt in his mouth. That's what

ex. 10. A school might be "outcome based" but life isn't. In some schools, y'e given as many tries as you need to get the answer right. Standards are set low enough so anyone can meet them. This, of course, bears not the slightest resemblance to anything in real life—as you will find out. Good luck—you are going to need it, and the book will help.

My Response

Whom... I'm not sure how to comment on this little ditty w/out resorting to parody, but I think I'll do a cute little
And like the author did.....

1. Who's to say we won't learn that life is unfair while we're in school? You can anyone assume that schools are sheltered places of love & justice? (9th and 10th grade)

10-year-old who has just seen his best friend shot believes that life is fair? You tell me.

2. Oh, so the rest of the world doesn't care about my self-esteem, and my school is SO concerned, right? In my school career, I've been humiliated, misinterpreted, and I've been told I'm a failure.

[illegible]

Lists! (rule!) here goes...

pet peeves 1.- people who overdefend their favorite bands 2. prime time TV

fucking joke! grrr...)

3.- movies with unnecessary happy endings 4.- lisa frank 5.- when i'm
about to die i want to see you 6.- i don't like it if you're not there
7.- i don't like it if you're not there 8.- i don't like it if you're not there
9.- i don't like it if you're not there 10.- i don't like it if you're not there

who watch lesbian pornography 7.- when someone's idea of being "natural" is buying beige clothes at a department store 10.- when someone's idea of being "industrial" style clothes that probably don't withstand 25

washings 10.- american flag stamps 11.- patchouli funny things 1.- my mom loves that damn song by chumbawamba. it's the flattiest fucking song i've ever heard, and they are anarchists. who would have

thought my mom would ever like a band with anarchist leanings? 2.- once, my grandmother was visiting, and the whole time she was here i was cleaning the house (because the job rarely gets done

...if i don't do it), and she told me i'd make "a nice little housewife"!!! that is, if you don't mind having a housewife with a shaved head who won't do what you say! 3.- metal magazines with letters

written by people with a second grade reading level who rarely say more than "green day sux! start writing more about Ozzy! signed, #1 Ozzy fan" or "quit writing shit about those damn dinosaurs like

Ozzy and more about good bands like Korn and the Grateful Dead. I love you, just what I need. **Q** Talking about magazines, have any of you ever seen "hub" magazine? the letters are hilarious. all they

ever do is put people down for the music the other people like. how stupid is ending a letter with something like "ska sucks."? and i don't think i'll ever forget the girl who said people who don't like

metal can "lick me where I pee", "suck my clit", and "suck the juice out of my anal wart". What a lady!) bands I'm obsessed with at the moment 1.- the buzzcocks 2.- the buzzcocks 3.- the buzzcocks

*-the back ground of these 2 pages is a drawing i did in second grade. It's a VERY accurate representation of my personality...

saying "Hey! Harass me!", and if you wear a shirt that says "McVegan" you as may as well be wearing one that says "Kiss me. I'm corporate." 5.- 2 words- Big Johnson.

huge store and the security guard said he liked the boy's shirt!!! i DO like the "facts about hemp" shirts though. 4.- the "McVegan" shirts. yes, i'm vegan, but wearing a shirt proclaiming it is like

shirts with pot on it (actually, i have a funny story about one. i was with this girl and her boyfriend once, and the boy was wearing one of those damn tie-dyed shirts with weed on it and we were at this

gym" shirts.. jesus as a commodity. woohoo!!!! 2.- those ones that say "girl power" or "you go girl!" that all the girls who diet incessantly, put down other girls, and treat themselves like shit wear 3.-

androgynous bitchy designers from hell.) 4.- owner of a vegan restaurant and/or health food store owner. yay! 5.- host of my very own trashy as all hell talk show stupid t-shirts 1.- those damn "lord's

manatees however...) 3.- fashion designer (i STILL want to do this. fashion is so endlessly fascinating in a grotesque horrible way. someday i want to be one of those all black-wearing

ever wanted 1.- rock star (that this was because i saw Joan Jett when i was little.) 2.- marine biologist (ugh-how typical. i swear my parents must have implanted this into my brain. i do like

coolest bar i've ever seen. the counter was clear, and the sides were orange fake fur. it would have been the coolest thrift store find ever, but it was \$50 and i couldn't afford it. : (every job i have

jogging shoes 5.- 9,000,000 herb alpert and the tiljuna brass records 6.- my brother knows somebody who lived at a salvation army and he said someone donated a bong and a gun once. 7.- the

strange things i've seen at thrift stores 1.- gay porno mags 2.- about 20 pimp jackets 3.- an 8-track case full of punk 8-tracks 4.- vans WAY before vans were skater. they looked like old school

teacher who thought my shirts were "weird" and I was "out of touch with reality" 'becaz I couldn't be easily stifled like the other kids. (He later confessed to be "just kidding." "Uh-huh.") Throughout all this, the school did as little as possible...believe me, when the "real world" doesn't care about my self esteem, it won't come as a shock.

3. Well, thanks so much for assuming every American kid is a spoiled, the-world-is-mine-to-buy-and-sell, Oh-God-please-no-to-the-mill-type of brat.

4. This is the one thing I agree w/ I'm afraid...

5. Again, thank you for telling me that my peers and my friends and I all assume that flipping burgers is "beneath our dignity." I don't think it's beneath my dignity. The main reason that I don't flip burgers is because I'm a vegetarian.

I don't believe that millions of animals should be killed inhumanely after living a completely dreamy life in a factory

farm just to satisfy my hunger...but that's just me. God, what do "I" know?

6. [argument pending]

7. Gosh, you sure get around, don't you? You know my friends, you know me, you know every person born in the early 80's, and now you know how much fun my parents are? It takes a little more than listening to their kids to turn a fun, flamboyant, hilarious individual into a dull, humdrum, gray-socks-and-oatmeal kinda person. Nice try, tho...

8. I suppose I agree w/ this too. 2 out of 10 ain't bad...oh wait. Yes it is...

9. Mmmmm...so, yr comparing a CHLOD smoking to me, a "young adult" smoking. That's just like comparing beach balls to seagulls--sort of in the same range, but not even close. Again, nice try.

10. Oh, I'm so SURE of hearing "The standards are sooooo low," whine whine whine. If the standards are so low, how come a large amount of my class is staying up until 1:30 am doing their homework? If standards are "low enough so that everyone can meet them," WHY ARE PEOPLE STILL FAILING? In the case of my school,

my grade is required to get 28 credits to graduate. Someone I know who went to the same school in the 70's said that he only had to get 18. Please, please tell me how standards are getting lower. I'd love to know.

So, in conclusion, I found this article to be close-minded, idiotic, insulting & marginally full of crap. Thank you and goodnight.

Jasmine's Little Sister

134 Radcliff, E Norwich, NY 11732 \$1 and 2 stamps

This engaging, witty zine is filled with personal stories and a funny assortment of sections: lists, neighborhood characters, comics, tales of rock stars and the writer's interview with herself. This is the text from a comic called "Uncrushable" by the publisher, Ocean.

Panel 1—Girl staring at a mirror: "Sometimes I wonder if there's some quality about me that's invisible only to me that shouts—'Please—don't like me as more than a friend.'"

Panel 2—Girl in uncrushable T-shirt: "Maybe I should just wear a shirt that advertises it...maybe i could even sell it on the street..."

Panel 5—"I'm not asking for someone who's beautiful, or who'll take me cool places, or anything like that..."

Panel 6—Girl holding hands with a shaved-headed person in another uncrushable T-shirt: "...just someone to talk to who's cool & won't judge me or be embarrassed to walk down the street with me."

Panel 7—Girl staring into the mirror: "Is that too much to ask? (maybe)" and from a list called



Pet Pages!

This is Spice, my adorable little cat. She lived @ April, 1989 until @ March, 1995. R.I.P.



Clara Fox Magnet's cat, R.I.P.



my very own beloved dog Sammy

Jennifer Candles For Girls' cat, the "famous and fabulous" Milkhead



IN SOMNIIA?

so this is this random journal thingy of this insomniac night i had last august. i'm pretty lucky cuz usually i sleep rather well, however, for like all of last august i just wasn't sleeping too much...anyhoo, if this happened to Mmme every night i'd probly go insane,,,and...this is sounding KKK weirder & weirder; but i just have to tell everyone who has to deal w/ this daily that you have my respect cuz it sure wouldn't be easy....

11:30 i'm kinda tired from biking all the way into town, so i turn off el lightbulb. ah, unsuspecting ocean....

12:15 it's kind of obvious that this isn't working so i write a long long letter to my (@-the-time) lusknt object, and listen to excuse 17. yay.

1:00 (directly from my journal) "i am excuse 17 in both ears i am wexited i am praying for a friend ...to quote alissa "why why why sleep?" it's true... why do i write all these letters i know i won't send? why do i always quxkestion every thought, emotion, action? i must be the most self-obsessed person. why does everyone listen to music repeatedly?"

XX 1:57 (also from journal) "eating passion fruit chapstick. it's so late!...where are the poptrarts i can survive on?"

2:30-i'm bored w/ the book i'm reading (Please Kill Me by legs & gillian) and hungry. my house goes completely dead @ 11 so it's scary walking downstairs but i do it anyway.

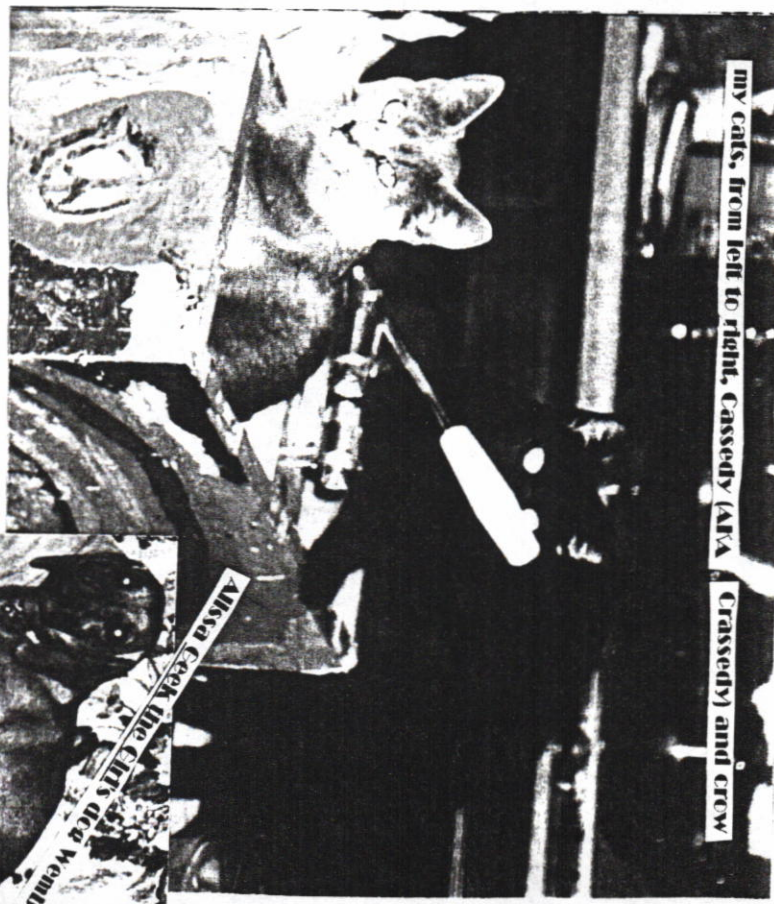
2:33- hooray for rice krispies! :) 3:00-for some reason i am fantastically modeling back-to-skewl clothes, something i haven't done since 5th grade. la la.

3:45- the night ends in a KXflourish of rice krispies and boredom. my mom is still on the phone when i go to bed....

Alissa Geek the Girl's cat Mouse.



my beautiful
princess, queen



Zine Reviews - Good tastin' and good for ya!

Suki Girl 18 pages 1/2 size 50 cents or a trade. *Joni* PO Box 237 North Freedom, WI 53951 #24 Not to be mean or anything, but to me this zine just doesn't seem to have much to it. There's a lot of reviews, and ads, and little things like "Why Jem is the coolest" and "Extremely uncool things about me", as well as something Kathleen Hanna said on an answering machine. It's not bad or anything, it just didn't particularly impress me I guess. That's all. Well, there is a pretty cool comic about this girl, all I'm saying is she's a superhero of sorts, I think, and it's called "CUNTOR OF THE APOCALYPSE". Nice. I'd say that it's the highlight, definitely. La la...

Skeeter 26 pages 1/2 size. Uh, I think it's \$1 and 2 stamps, [but don't bother sending stamps if yr not in Canada], or a trade. *Clare Pepper* RR#1 Douglas* Ont, Canada K0J 1S0 or *Janet Panka* RR#1 Golden Lake, ON8K0 1s-0 Canada #2 This zine is really rad, cuz it has a bunch of gooly-ass things but also some thought-provoking ol' articles. Yay. *Anyhoo*, there's a little reminder that boys feel pain too, an article entitled, "How long is this kooky punk rock thing gonna last?" regarding Clare's worries that she's gonna look back @ herself in later years and think, "Oh my godness, I was a punque zine kid. I can't believe I stooped that low", fat oppression, thoughts on 'insane' peeps. But there's also things like reviews, a Michael Jackson quiz (teehee!) {I like the word teehee a lot, don't you?} and things Janet wants. Yeah yeah yeah yeah!

The Messy Eater 40 pages 1/2 size \$1/trade/nice surprise *Elka** 148 via baja*ventura, CA 93003 or: *Elkatraz@aol.com* #2 "Screndipity" is a good word to describe this zine w/, and I'm not trying to show off my big, English-class vocabulary, k? Open it up and you'll discover all sorts of things....my personal fave is a "conversation" w/ a "friend" where Elka reveals her shoe theory. "You wear used sneakers? Yeah. That's gross. No, it isn't. You only think it is. I mean, some gangsta threw out a perfectly good pair of Nikes just becuz they got scuffed. So I buy them for \$5. I understand you want to save \$\$ and everything, but that's going a little far. Saving money isn't why I do it.....just tell me why, ok? (sigh). Ok. See, I wear used shoes because no one cared for them. *Whatever*. Because they didn't get a good chance in life." Oh, see, look, I just quoted this whole long thing & left out a lot, those of you who haven't read it are prolly confused as hell, but oh well. The rest of the zine is like poems & collages, and cool stuff from Elka's friends. The cover is her 80 year old accordion teacher! Get it, cuz it's worthwhile, in my opinion.

Out of Step 30 pages fullsize! \$1 & 2 stamps/trade *Yolanda** 409 Darbee Ct.* Clawson, MI* 48017 #1 Well, what have we here? A danged good & thick first issue, sez I! There's reprints of a spoken word piece called "Keep Yr Mouth off my sisters" that I remember hearing a while ago, and of a piece in a Bikini Kill zine. And the only contributions on getting the most out of life, the teen revolution, and one from a male feminist. But article by Yolanda I didn't rilly like was the one on male & female roles in society, cuz it's so freaking old. But everything else was so fucking rad--vegan snax, STD info, blah blah. Quite impressive for a #1. There's also upsetting facts scattered around, such as "The average age of a homeless person is 9 years old". Wow. I didn't know that. Oh yeah, there are penpal ads too. Why do I have a sudden urge to set my hair on fire?

Melvin & Earl distro 22 pages 1/2 size. 2 stamps. *47 mt prospect Ave 2nd floor* Bellville, NJ 07109-2003* Oh, so it isn't a zine per se. I couldn't care less. It's a distro, sure, and a damn fine one, w/ t-shirts and zines and patches galore. But that isn't all. They reprint these 2 hate letters they got and their responses, it goes into such a good discussion of white priveledge, classism, etc etc and is SO RAD, usually that shit puts me to sleep but I dug this. All I have to say is this is very necessary, and that's it.

PubertyStrike 30 pages 1/2 size \$1/trade *Seth** 2007 E. 3rd Street* Tucson, AZ 85719 #1 This is like a manual of pranks. I was always a "good" kid so I couldn't really reminisce, but I'm sure the brattier of my readers will dig this. *hehe* Anyhoo, there's an interview with Emily's Sassy Lime, "Movies that made the troublemaker outta me", video games, {my mom never let us have a Nintendo. Perhaps that's why I was the "good" dorky kid?} and a kiddie brat quiz. I wasn't too surprised to score the score of "Would-Be Saboteur". Seth is a pretty charming boy.

Bad reputation 30 pages 1/2 size. \$1 and 3 stamps/\$2/trade. *Jen** po box 1816* waukegan, WI* 53187-1816 #2 Billed as "the eXtra girly frilly fashion issue", it doesn't disappoint. The cover is pink and has a picture of Jen's sister as a tot. Underneath that eye-searingly pink cover are lots of rilly well-writer tales, such as: DIY t-shirt makings, nail polish, how to look like Poppy Z. Brite, etc. There's also some more, non-fashiony things: a brilliant piece o' fiction called Twinkle, Twinkle and an article on whiteboys that is just so perfect, I had to resist the urge to make a million copies & pass them out to everyone @ skkkool. Everything she says makes such perfect sense & is so amazingly crafted....oh, my. Pro-poetry rants & hair stories go hand in hand in here, and it is done w/ all this subtle humor. What can I even say?

Random
shit.



Gandi Lauper was her usual shy, retiring self at a parade during Gay Pride Week in New York.

Gift. big.



I wouldn't want any of those pictures on my walls around here.
—HARRY MAPPLETHORPE, father of the late Robert Mapplethorpe, about his son's homoerotic photographs



41

?gender?

I'm starting a compilation zine on sexuality. I need your contributions, articles, stories, rants, poems, drawings, songs, photographs, etc. I'm looking for your sexual preference/identifications, your upbringing, your surroundings, your feelings about anything that you feel that has merit towards my project. Use your zine as a place to vent, to express your heart or heart's desire. I'll be happy to print anything you want to say. If you are accepted, you will be given a copy of the zine. I'll be happy to print anything you want to say. If you are accepted, you will be given a copy of the zine.

Fuck school!
But support
Brock's project!

are you a zinekid? are you a senior in high school this year? need your help. I would like to put out a huge blowout zine for zinekids of the class of 86. You can write about your high school experience, tell me why you are/aren't going to college, send your college essays, or just tell me all about how you are proving that the zinekid senior class is the best. I want this to be a really great zine, but I need your help to make it that way. I would like to put this out in June of 86, so send submissions in soon! title/cover suggestions would be appreciated.

sd/5257241

brock/od box/bay/hay, sd

TYGER VOYAGE 42 pages, weird size (smaller than mini!) \$1 or 2 stamps or trade *Molly**630 e. 24th street*brooklyn, NY 11210 #31 don't know what's up w/ me, but for some reason I can't seem to get into this issue @ all. I've written...it's like I read one sentence that makes so much sense and is just the best and I think, *I am here*. That isn't a very good way of describing anything, I know, but that's the closest I can get. Perhaps it's the physical smallness (any issue came w/ a magnifying glass!)...but, I don't know. It isn't like it's fucking bad or boring or ANYTHING like that, I just can't really do more than read random snippets & revel, which makes me unfit to review it. I'm sorry, I really am. Ok, it's like 2 months later & I HAVE been able to appreciate the tyger voyage. It's still too undefinable for words & I betcha molly's all like, "she hates it?" but that ain't it @ all. Just get it, beseech thee!

Silver Rocket 30 pages 1/2 size. I guess \$1 and 2 stamps/trade. *Nicole**PO Box 3983*Idaho, NY 14853 #5 1/2 - This isn't a "real" issue in the fact that there really aren't any articles, it's just a mass interview w/ Nicole's sister, Louise *Lucky Tiger* (an active band and a defunct zine) [does that make sense?]. It's also unlike a "normal" issue in the fact that it has no graphics and is just white, white, white space, but maybe that was intentional. I'm not really sure how much interest this would generate if you don't know Louise, but I was fascinated. You see, it isn't JUST "oh hi, my name is Louise, blah blah", it goes into a lot of areas & these girls make a ton of good points that I *never* *ever* could have thought of! And, it's just like, wow, I wouldn't really recommend this zine to you if you've never read *Silver Rocket* or *Lucky Tiger* (or heard the band *Lucky Tiger*) before, cuz then you may be totally lost & not find it as endearing & rad as I do, but if yr familiar w/ any of the above terms, phleez get it!

Highest Population of Rock Stars 46 pages 1/2 size. I have no idea how much this costs cuz I got it off Power Toot zine distro. But I'm guessing \$1 & a few stamps, I doubt she trades. Wow, I just realized this says "Sept. 14/04 #6-When I first got this zine, it was kinda hard to read cuz the layout was just so chicken unappealing. Tiny tiny counter-ish font, actually I think it was typewritten & shrunk on a copy machine, but oh well. I was having a picky day. But then I got over myself & that's a good thing! It's so...so...engaging. There's an interview with the *Wacky Bunch* for all you hip kids [haha]. Also, Amy's been frequenting a chaotic & she writes about that & the wacky bluffs that ensue...lots of rambling about summer camp, blah blah blah, and...I don't know. It's about her life and it sounds like a lot of fun. It is a lot of fun. Self obsessed people rock!!!!

[Nothing] 26 pages 1/2 legal size. \$1 and 2 stamps/selective trade. *Marissa Falso**349 Ash street*Williamstown, CT 06226 #10-There's a lot in here about the prom, but not in a stupid or sissy way, it all sounds quite rad. Marissa & the posse went to prom on a skkool bus! And boogied the night away to "envious" stares from their peers, ha ha. And just had a ripping nontraditional good time, it sounds so fucking rad! Marissa reveals her fetish for government surplus food (i.e. cafeteria fare); she tells us all crafts that even non-artistic mortals can attempt! As one can tell, this is an exclamation-point zine...not to mention, these comics are the cutest this side of Sri Lanka. Get it, oh, get it! (Wow, that was quite the Original Review Ending, don't ya think so?)

Blitch Dyke Whole 26 pages 1/2 size \$1 and 2 stamps/trade *Leo**4319 Indian Pipe Loop bl03d*Olympia, WA 98505 #4 Good zine in counter font (seeeww!) (oh, lisa, if yr reading this, don't take it personally, I yam just obsessive-compulsive about fonts). Pick it up...open it...yes, that's good...whoa, what have we here? I amne bar bar. Let's continue on our literary journey...journal-y entries about Lisa's rape, self-mutilation, and her "stay at the nut house" that was just pretty moving. That's all. No, it isn't *all*, but it was moving. I'd read it and to stop masturbating, I suppose you could call it "tongue in cheek". Also, a picture-y Sleater Kinney show review and thing about how she's started a Riot Grrrl chapter w/ her friends. Whooboo.

Violet Crimes 32 pages fullsize. \$1/3 stamps/trades preferred. *Catherine**2229 boy avenue*brooklyn, NY 11224 #31m. Personal, but not really angry, suicidal personal like a lot of zines that classify themselves under that genre are. There is a thing about feeling unattractive that was totally rad & summed everything up & wasn't angry @ all. Little dated writings, like a journal almost, about her dreams & very early childhood, etc. There are six people interviewed: Colette Looks Yellow, Tastes Red; Jen had reputation; MengshinSide Tracked; Sara blinkmox; Molly Tyer Voyage; and Monica Abberation. Phew! Lots & lots of poems, it's soo thick, I think yr gonna find @ least one thing worthy about this zine. I did.

School School 30 pages 1/2 size, I think it's \$2 or 6 stamps, no trades. *Theresa**6255 E. Via de la Y end*Las Vegas, AZ 85750 #2-Yay! The infamous Zine Kid Yearbook is back at ya! Pictures & mini autobiogs of like, 45 zine kids! Come on, don't you want to know what I look like? (Well, I don't look like that any more, cuz I cut my hair, but you know) Don't you want to read my top 10 lists, as well as those of Katy Jellybean, Brock Blockhead, Marissa Mindwalk, Russel Smack, Muffie My New Gun & others? Don't you care what Sarah Sisyphean Garbage does while bored? Or see the comic about how Theresa Billy's Mitten almost got beaten by skinheads? Come on, man! What are ya...chicken?

FIFTEEN

Baai: I'm a sheep something like 60 pp. 1/2 legal size!!!! I don't have it on me, sorry. \$1 and 3 stamps \$2/trade/heartshaped boxes *Shari** 100 *Milani Court** Los Gatos, CA 95030 e-mail: *TMSDSOB@prodigy.com*

#4 - I never seem to have this with me when I review it: (but I feel pretty safe when I say this is my favorite zine. Yappers, it's true! Packed underneath the handcolored cover, there's lots 'n' lots of stuff...analysis of shari's clothes (teehee), confusion about religion that I found interesting, cuz unlike many zine kids who are anti-religion, Shari's family is Buddhist. There's a rad comic about sandwiches that even my siblings liked, "confessions of a teen-c teenybopper", poetry/typography, and a lot of other things by a cute 14-year-old gal who's not ashamed to admit she still has a Kurt obsession...oh yeah. I wish I had been this cool when I was 14. (yeah, ocean, like yr so much older—about 14 whole months, if that)

Matriculate 42 pages - 1/2 legal. \$1.50/\$1 & 2 stamps. NO TRADES K? *Menghain Cindy Hornig** 7534 *Farmingington Ave** Kalamazoo, MI 49009 This rocks so much, more than I can ever express. Whoa. It's this zine of complaints about skkool. There's a comic by a boy who (unbeknownst to me) went to my elementary school! *Tara Squash* tells how her skkool makes her a felon! *Ranits* rants rants, all soo good & scary & just great. The layout is perfect too, w/ fonts galore! Yee-haw! This rules more than I can ever tell anybody on paper. For anyone that has EVER had any thoughts about the evilness of skkool, this is essential.

Tennis and Violins 52 pages 1/4 size. \$1 and 2 stamps or trade, I guess. *Kristy Chan** PO Box 1791* Fort Meyers, FL 33907 #1 - When I first got this zine, I was like, "Oh no, this is gonna be one of those self-righteous annoying zines," but it WASN'T! It was so amazing! Thick w/ small print, this packs a hell of a wallop. There's thoughts about classism that AREN'T BORING (!), oppression as a commodity, random well written journal entries. A man wrote to Kristy (who is Asian) hoping to satisfy his 'Asian fetish' and Kristy reprints his asinine letter & her response. Stuff she digs, racism, desire, her teeth, oh what can I say? Just get this zine & be inspired.

Drop out 16 newspaper size pages, \$2 or so. *Drop out clo Hindenburg** 1114 21st* Sacto, CA 95814 #4. Yeepees! *Kim Candy Fun* passed this on to me and it ruled! Ruled! Sort of like *Matriculate*. There's a poem about skkool from a boy who went on to kill himself, a couple contributions from teachers, and people setting up alternative skkools. In all my years of skkool-protesting & such, THIS IS THE ONLY THING THAT HAS EVER TOLD ME, "YOU ARE RIGHT." Day-am.....essential.

Slutkissgill a review would go here, but it's defunct so there really isn't any point, eh? *Solamente* same here. If anybody has any copies of the wonderful *Solamente* they don't want, pleez pass them on to me! I only got issue #3 and I lost it: (and it was the best zine i've ever read, I think.

Queen Zine #1- Suburbia 77. *Craig** PO Box 329* Larkspur, CA 94977-0329 or *Cecil** 521 *Golden Gate Ave** 901. *Richmond, CA* - Oh, who am I kidding? Every zinester in the whole world has this, it seems. If you don't, *Suburbia* is a thick work of art, with *Queen Zine* to "keep it real". Teehee. It's gonna cost you \$2, lots of stamps, or trade for yr zine is like 16 pages 1/2 size or something, be swell and send some stamps, cuz this is a BIG mo-to split, k?)

The rain lasts sally 45 pages fullsize. Cost: stamps or nice stuff, tho if yr out of the UK it would behoove you not to send stamps becuz i'm guessing she has no use for foreign stamps, right? *Kirsty** 18 *Buryfield** Bury, Ramsey* *Huntingdon** Cambridgeshire PE17 1LE* ENGLAND/#! - I was pretty excited to see kirsty's zine becuz we've been penpals since I was ten (I'm 15 and 1/2 now) and she's a swell gal. And, ach, so thick! And good:) Subjects go from "Pilot Grrl Frustrations" to Smashing Pumpkins worship, childhood memories to a reprint from British *Cosmo* (!) on faeries, lists, and other cool stuff! I thought the layout for the page entitled "they're ruining the conservatory foundations" was good. Yay!

Starshine *Starla** 440 *Storrier Road** Indiana, PA 15701 e-mail: *gesialwd.net* i/trade #1- ah, shit. I seem to have lost my copy of the starshine: (it was kool though....ack! I feel so....dirty....anyhow, the topics I remember it containing are: things to do w/ leg hair (like, as in uses for it.), top 10 things to do in clara's hometown, ramblings about a relationship.....mind block! Mind block! This isn't just a way to get out of reviewing it, I swear....

Wonder Girl (there's no price on here, but i'm guessing a trade is safest cuz she's in australia.) like 20 pages 1/2 legal. *Tabitha** 87 *Albion St** Brunswick, Victoria* AUSTRALIA 3056 #1- this is my first australian zine. Cool. It's kinda short, but there's a reprint of a quiz from a magazine- "are you a good executive wife?" guess what-i'm not. Anyhow, there's also stuff on a girl being used by her sk8er friends: (no offense, peachiel:), crushes, scary trendy store's guerilla tactics, record reviews, KLEENEX IS EVIL!!!, and a reminder that boys can be raped too. liza good first effort!

Noodle #1 and stamps or yr zine or cool stuff or whatever. 40 pages, I can't tell what size it is, like 1/6 legal or something like that? *Kimra** 240 *Oriole Ave** Indiana, PA 15701/2- I just got this today, and only read it once, while eating microwave pizza w/ my brother. But, oh, the fonts on this thing are enough to make me DROOL! Moving right along, there are random musings, such as "Why don't I cry when I peel onions but I cry at A T & T Worldnet commercials?" a fear of falling in love: (, feeling like she's always entertaining people for trying to, musings on why teacher strikes suck, quotables, more! Ack! I like it, man!



SENATE

name in the news

We're all for young entrepreneurs getting ahead—but not if they're abusing women to climb the ladder of success! Senate, a Huntington Beach, Calif., inline skate-gear company owned by four 20-something, has been printing slogans like "Destroy all girls," "Wife Beater" and "Kill" on the laundry labels of their clothes. "It's not meant literally," says Vera Groenhuyzen, Senate's brand manager and the sole female partner. "Girls wear it too." Yeah, well, Vera and her skate skunk cohorts won't be finding their female-bashing duds on our bods—and we're not alone. Galvan's, a sporting goods chain in the Midwest, has refused to sell the stuff (go, Galvan's!). It may be constitutional for Senate to use the slogans (freedom of speech and all), but we think it's uncool.

so he can put me in line. i wonder what kind of "girls" wear this shit...

← i was in the library, making fun of Teen magazine when i found this. i don't know about you, but i'm a girl and i love misogynist skatewear. it's just so fresh! i skate over to my boyfriend's house in my "Destroy all Girls" shirt

Please write to: Blanca Ortiz-2415 Fordham Street San Pablo, California 94606 U.S.A.

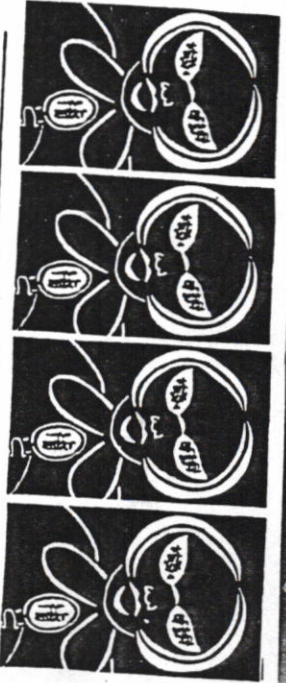


AVAILABLE NOW!
send three bucks to get yourself a copy

— this is who's on it:
— none trash, jumpin tree, athens starwoman, la mae mae, baptist q,
— hello killity, forliffe, no.12 looks just like you, jho's, plan b,
— raciality, pucky charm, the chasplantes, post toasters, dead killy,
— and my beakers, berry carry, lickety split, catharine cadery,
— lited pristinnes, my russellman, the otterpops, lauren carlin,
— the filtees, pino pino, the instant hits, backlash trash, and slatter cherry.

Q3. Is pre-mastakes and Jo-Fi out ya all know you don't gotta have lotas money or connections or a 4-track or studio sound to fuckin rock n roll.

quean screem



Quean Screem is a 60 minute compilation tape containing music by bands that are made up of mostly or all girls.

I wrote this for my creative writing class @ skool, but I just thought it was worthy of a reprint....yay. Enjoy, bubbleh....

"The only normal people are the ones you don't know very well." -unknown

I think this quote is true. Everyone has this perception of people being "normal" and it just isn't that way @ all. When you ask these people to DEFINE the word normal, they can't. This girl I was sitting next to on the bus was talking about this boy (not to me, but to someone else). "I really like him. He's so....normal." If I'd been any braver, I would have told her who he really was; that he was actually a little psychotic and just because he looked like he just crawled out of an L.L. Bean catalogue doesn't make him any more of a good person (or a bad one for that matter). I would have told her that the people sitting behind us, the longhaired boys reeking of cigarette smoke & the homegirls rapping to themselves, were eons more normal than this boy. She didn't even know him--didn't know him, at all, besides a name and a face!--and yet his clothes bought him a chance.

I didn't have the courage to tell her all that. My lunchbox, my crooked smile, my holey shoes all sent out some warning-signal-defense-mechanism that shouted "NO!" I wanted to say, we could be best friends. You and I could be exactly the same people. We could be the same girls living in parallel universes--opposite sides of the bus, if

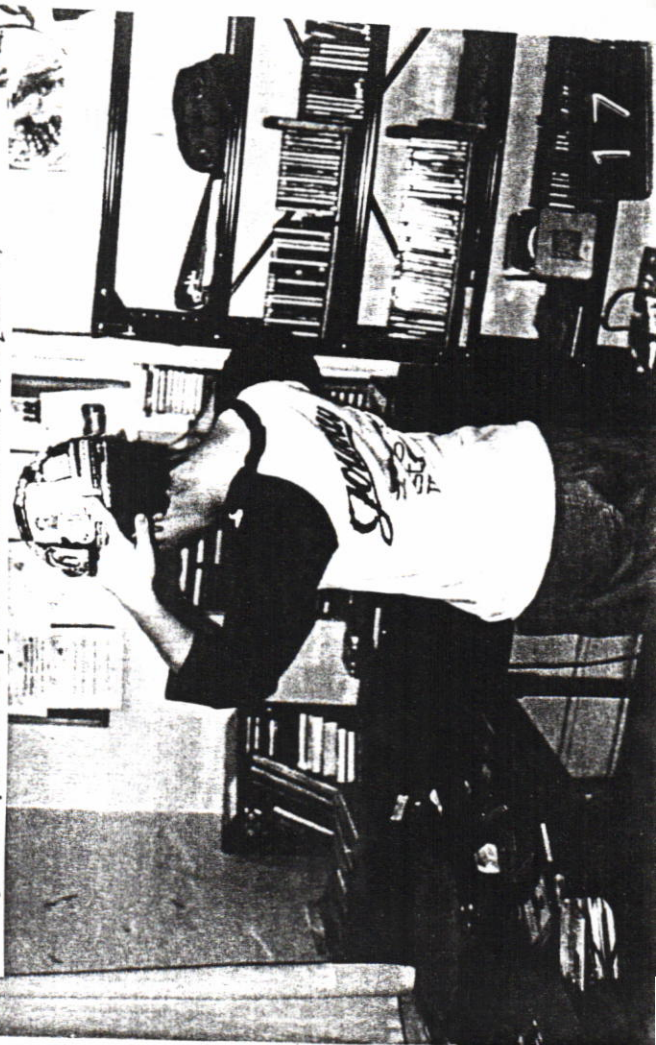
you will.
The bus lurched on. I said nothing.

SEVENTEEN

So i grew up in the suburbs, which basically gives you zero life skills, prepares you for absolutely nothing, and reinforces stereotypes and generalizations of every single non-white, non-middle class (etc.) person on the planet. i realize this and try my best to not be like this, but i want to talk about one thing in particular. the insane amount of classism i have. most people have a mother and a father who come from the same class, but my mother grew up extremely poor, and my father grew up very, very comfortable. so i have one side of my family that is poor, and one side that is rich. so either way my family are the weird ones. my mother's side thinks we are rich, and my father's side thinks we are poor. (my grandmother's brother once said to my father he doesn't trust anyone with a house that cost over \$100,000. my father just said he and my mom work extremely hard to afford it. yay.) and it's not just the money that alienates me from both sides; it's how my father's side has upper-class values and my mom's doesn't. i always grew up feeling better than my poor cousins, and i'm glad i finally realize how fucked up this is. i was always proud that me and my brother have the same father, and i realize how fucked up this is because it's not like my cousins chose to have 4 siblings with 4 different fathers. it's not like they picked to have absent fathers and alcoholic parents on welfare. both of my grandmothers live pretty close to each other, and i always felt like at my maternal grandmother's i could play in mud and get dirty and at my other grandmother's i would have to sit there while my parents drank tea and chatted about antiques. i hate that i have to act differently around different relatives. i hate that i go out of my way to avoid my mother's side. i hate that the reason i waited so long to drop out of school is because all my poor cousins are dropouts, and i wanted my bullshit peace of mind that i wouldn't be like them. i hate this. a BIG part of this is the fact that my mother's half-brother is a child molester. i don't want to associate with a family unit that spawned that. (which is a stupid thing because my mother was the most popular girl at school, cheerleader, all those stupid clubs blah blah blah, and she came from the same family as a child molester...) another thing that fucks me up is my parents sets of values are light years apart. my mom is extremely materialistic. she feels the need to own 150 of everything because she didn't have the privilege

beliefs. we don't live in the suburbs, and my parents have very few middle class values. it's so hard to define class, because i have known alot of people that were very poor with very upper class values and vice versa. yeah, our house is big, but every time it rains, the roof leaks and water comes in through our walls. yeah, i have plenty of clothes, but they all came from thrift stores. yeah, we may go stay at my grandfather's million dollar estate, but that doesn't stop us from being pure white trash...

me at Free Radio Memphis (dressed as Donna from Team Dresch for Halloween), you can't see it, but i'm pointing to a sticker on the hat i'm wearing that says "don't fuck with the fairies, don't dick with the dykes." :)



"Untitled"

Super Buy \$
Ruby and diamond b
Reg. \$800 **only \$1**

四一五二四四乙

[illegible]

You are here.

#5

Youth

Supply

Office

1-888-NOT-2-LATE
<http://opr.princeton.edu/ec/>

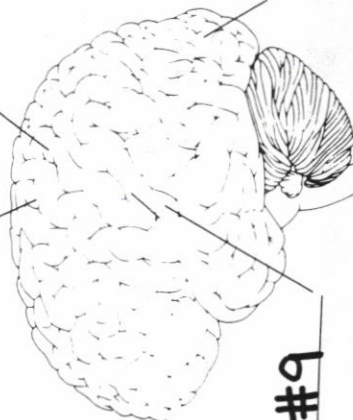
emergency contraception hotline

Jasmine's

Little

Sister

#9



thanks to: Ocean (obviously), Teresa (I love you), Robin, Angela, Nathan (every time I think about the crazy fb's I laugh for like an hour), Kathi (I barely know you, but you still make it in!), Jason, Brock (for letting me reprint your brilliance), and everyone else who takes time out of their lives to write me a nice letter.

SCHLOCK 'N ROLL
THE BIGGEST
CONTROVERSYTM
OF OUR
MODERN ERA:
MARILYN MANSON![©]
BY WARD DAHMERTM
"CHARO" SUTTON

THEIR CONCERTS ARE EVIL! FULL OF PROFANITY, BESTIALITY, AND OVERPRICED T-SHIRTS!

MARILYN MANSON IS A SHOCKING THREAT TO FAMILY VALUES UNLIKE ANYTHING EVER SEEN BEFORE!!

NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US, WE'RE LATE FOR THE KISS REUNION.

HELL? NO!

STOP THE FILTH!

C'MON, KIDS!

GO HOME, TIME ON MY HANDS!

ZZZZ

KISS

ME, MY DELINQUENT, GUN-WIELDING SONS, MY ABUSIVE, LECHEROUS FATHER, AND MY ESTRANGED, ALCOHOLIC HUSBAND ALL KNOW THAT IT WAS MARILYN MANSON'S MUSIC ALONE THAT CAUSED MY DAUGHTER TO COMMIT SUICIDE!

WELCOME TO TRAILER-VILLE

HARD COPY

MEAN WHILE...

SOB! WHEN WE PROCLAIMED OURSELVES SATANISTS, NAMED OURSELVES AFTER SERIAL KILLERS, AND ADVOCATED EXCESSIVE DRUG USE, WE HAD NO IDEA PEOPLE WOULD RESPOND THIS WAY!

BOO-HOO!

OKAY, THE SHOW'S SOLD OUT. CAN WE GO NOW?

WHEN DO WE GET PAID?

STOP MARILYN MANSON

STOP THE EVIL MUSIC

goodbye, mes amis! nothing to say, really...that lengthy intro said it all. i hope this ish doesn't get lost in the mail cuz that would be a waste of my valuable time, dammit! i've been working on this issue since late june. it's now october 25. and it's not like it's some big thing, its 20 half size pages. oh well. i hope you liked. and if you didn't, seriously, feel free to tell me....i've had the feeling w/ some letters that i pissed somebody off & they didn't wanna mention it, so they just chose not to comment @ all. DON'T DO THAT!!!!!! PLEASE! WHEN I SPEND MY TIME WRITING & SENDING & COMMENTING ON YOUR ZINE, I JUST FEEL LIKE I'M TALKING TO THE WALL AND IT SUCKS!!! aaaaanyway, bye. xox. ocean

